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FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. I.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

IN THREE ACTS,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits
—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole
of the Stage Business, as performed with great success
for upwards of sixty consecutive nights at

THE BROADWAY THEATRE.

Mendelssohn's Vocal and Instrumental Music of this Play may be had of
W. T. GOODWIN, No. 7 Vandam-street, N. Y.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
- 121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Broadway Theatre, N. Y.

<i>Theseus, Duke of Athens</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Conway.
<i>Lysander, in love with Hermia</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Lanergan.
<i>Demetrius, his rival</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Grosvenor.
<i>Egeus, an Athenian Noble, father of Hermia</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Matthews.
<i>Philostrate, Master of the Revels</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Walters.
<i>Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.</i>						

THE HARD-HANDED MEN OF ATHENS.

<i>Nick Bottom, the Weaver</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. W. Davidge.
<i>Quince, the Carpenter</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Howard.
<i>Snug, the Joiner</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Fisk.
<i>Flute, the Bellows-mender</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Whiting.
<i>Snout, the Tinker</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Henry.
<i>Starveling, the Tailor</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Cutter.
.						
<i>Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Warren.
<i>Hermia, Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Nagle.
<i>Helena, in love with Demetrius</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss A. Gougenheim.

AMAZONS in attendance on HIPPOLYTA.

FAIRIES.

<i>Oberon, King of Fairy Land</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mme. Ponisi.
<i>Titania, his Queen</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Abbot.
<i>Puck, or Robin Goodfellow</i>	-	-	-	-	-	LA PETITE VIOLA.
<i>First Fairy</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Fisk.
<i>Second Fairy</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Duckworth.
<i>Peas-blossom</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Henry.
<i>Cobweb</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss E. Wallis.
<i>Moth</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mast. Wallis.
<i>Mustard-seed</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss J. Henry.
.						
<i>Singing Fairies</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mesdames Gould, Rectzel, Weidenholt, Adoni, Perry, Hunt, Behn, Hutchings, Liverati, &c.
<i>Principal Dancing Fairies</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mlle. LEEADER, Miss Ada Price, and Miss Josephine,—supported by Misses Pentland, Williams, Richings, Hallis, Augusta, Osborne, Web- ster, Russell, McCormick, Lawrence, &c.

With the whole of Mendelssohn's Music. The Scenic Illustrations and Panoramic Views of the Fairy Land painted by that eminent artist, Mr. George Heister; and the piece was produced under the immediate direction of Thomas Barry, Esq.

Costume.

THESEUS.—Flesh-colored arms and legs—white shirt, trimmed with silver—rich jewelled belt—richly-embroidered Grecian drapery of crimson—sandals of gold tissue—rich fillet.

EGEUS.—Flesh-colored arms and legs—dark purple shirt and robe, trimmed—black sandals.

LYSANDER.—Flesh-colored arms and legs—white spangled shirt—light blue robe, bound with black, and richly spangled—sandals—rich belt and sword.

DEMETRIUS.—The same—colors, blue and red.

QUINCE.—*First Dress*: Flesh-colored arms and legs—drab shirt—leather belt and buckle—russet sandals—canvas apron.—*Second Dress*: A black suit.

SNUG.—Similar to Quince.—*Second Dress*: A lion's skin.

BOTTOM.—*First Dress* similar—brown shirt.—*Second Dress*: Armor: breast-plate, and blue robe.

FLUTE.—*First Dress*: Red shirt—the rest as Quince.—*Second Dress*: Female's white robe and veil.

SNOUT.—Dark, dirty-looking shirt and apron—rest as Quince.

STARVELING.—Light drab shirt, &c., as Snug.

PHILOSTRATE.—Handsome Grecian shirt and robe—flesh-colored arms and legs—red sandals—sword.

SOLDIERS.—Red shirts—breast-plates—helmets—flesh arms and legs—sandals.

HIPPOLYTA.—Richly-embroidered dress—long train robe of crimson, trimmed and flowered with silver—jewelled tiara—sandals of gold tissue.

HERMIA.—White dress, trimmed with pink and silver—pink robe—pink sandals—waist-belt.

HELENA.—White dress, trimmed with blue and silver—light blue robe—sandals—waist-belt.

OBERON.—Flesh arms and legs—white shirt, richly-spangled, blue gauze drapery, spangled—jewelled head-dress and belt—rich sandals.

TITANIA.—Blue gauze dress, with silver-spangled trimming—robe do.—jewelled coronet—sandals.

PUCK.—White muslin shirt, trimmed with silver—flesh arms and legs—silvered sandals—silver-flowered head-dress—gauze and silver wings.

FAIRIES.—White muslin dresses, with gauze draperies, trimmed with silver spangles, and wings.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of State in the Palace of THESEUS, the Duke of Athens. Huge columns supporting a massive Arch, through which is seen a portion of the City of Athens, leading to the left; on the right is seen a portion of the bay. A landing-place beyond the archway, with marble steps leading to the stage in front.*

MUSIC.—*As the curtain rises, Athenian soldiers with their officers enter from the w. e. r., and form on each side of the stage, to receive the Duke. A galley then approaches from w. e. r., and lands, c., containing THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Ladies, Lords and Attendants. The Duke, &c., land and advance to the front.*

The. (c.) Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. (r. c.) Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key.
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

[*Exit PHIL., l. h.*]

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE with EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, [Philostrate and Lysander cross, behind to r. up Stage] and DEMETRIUS, l. h.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius :—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander : [*Lysander advances, r.*] and, my gracious
duke,

This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child :
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness :—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here, before your grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death ; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? Be advis'd, fair maid :
To you your father should be as a god ;
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is :
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father looked but with my eyes !

The. Rathèr your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. [*Crosses to the Duke and kneels.*] I do entreat your grace
to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts :
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
 Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. [*Rising.*] So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause ; and, by the next new moon,
 (The sealing-day betwixt my love and me, [*Turns to Hippolyta.*
 For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
 Upon that day either prepare to die,
 For disobedience to your father's will ;
 Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would ;
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,
 For aye, austerity and single life. [*Turns to Hippolyta and confers.*

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia :—And, Lysander, yield
 Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
 Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him !

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love,
 And what is mine my love shall render him ;
 And she is mine ; and all my right of her
 I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,—
 As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ;
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
 I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

[*Duke listens.*

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;
 And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me ;
 I have some private schooling for you both. [*Lysander goes up, &c.*
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself,
 To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up

(Which by no means we may extenuate)
 To death, or to a vow of single life. [*Hermia goes up.*
 Come, my Hippolyta: [*Crosses to R.*] What cheer, my love?
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial, and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

[*Music.—Exeunt Duke, and Hippolyta, Ladies, Egeus, and Demetrius, 1 E. R. Soldiers, 2 E. R.*

Lys. (L.) How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast!

Her. (R.) Belike for want of rain; which I could well
 Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
 It stands as an edict in destiny:
 Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross;
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
 Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, *Hermia*.
 I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
 And she respects me as her only son.
 There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow-night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*!
 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
 By his best arrow with the golden head;
 By the simplicity of *Venus*' doves;
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
 And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* queen,
 When the false *Trojan* under sail was seen;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke;
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

[*Offers her hand; he kisses it.*

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA, R.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair; O happy fair!

Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongues sweet air,

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear,

Sickness is catching; O, were favor so,

Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how to look; and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I gave him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is none of mine.

Hel. None; but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

[Crosses to L., and goes up stage.]

Lys. (L.) Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. [*Comes down. c.*] And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet:

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow [*Crosses to R.*]; pray thou for us,

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—

Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight

From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. [*Exit HER., R. H.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you ! [Exit *Lys.*, L. H.]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
He will not know what all but he do know.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere :
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine ;
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit, L. H.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in a Cottage at Athens.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, STARVELING, SNUG and BOTTOM, and stand thus : R. C., STARVELING, BOTTOM, FLUTE, QUINCE, C., SNOUT, SNUG, L. C.

Quin. (C.) Is all our company here ?

Bot. (R. C.) You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors, and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. [*Crossing to c.*] Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. (R. C.) Answer, as I call you—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a tyrant ?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it : If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will move storms ; I will condole in some measure. To the rest :—Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant ; I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
 And shivering shocks,
 Shall break the locks
 Of prison-gates ;
 And Phibbus' car
 Shall shine from far,
 And make and mar
 The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein ; a lover is more condoling.

[Crosses to R. cor.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. (R.) Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby ? a wand'ring knight ?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one ; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too : I'll speak in a monstrous little voice :—“Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear ; thy Thisby dear ! and lady dear !” [Crosses to c.

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus ; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. (L. c.) Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You Pyramus's father ; myself, Thisby's father ; Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part :—and I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. (L.) Have you the lion's part written ? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, “Let him roar again ; let him roar again.”

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us ; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus : for Pyramus is a

sweet-fac'd man ; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night : and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight ; there will we rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt, D. F.]

SCENE III.—*A romantic Landseape, through which is seen a stream of water. (By moonlight.) A bush in the c.*

MUSIC.—*A troop of Fairies are discovered grouped. A Fairy touches the bush with her wand, it opens and Puck comes out ; the bush disappears through the stage.*

Puck. How now, spirit ! whither wander you ?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors :

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits ; I'll be gone ;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

MUSIC.—*The troop of Fairies dance off.*

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;
Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king ;
 She never had so sweet a changeling :
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square ; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

[*Music : Puck dances round Fairy.*]

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow ; are you not he,
 That frights the maidens of the villagere ;—
 Skim milk ; and sometimes labor in the quern ;
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work ; and they shall have good luck :
 Are you not he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ; [Puck salutes Fairy.
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And "Tailor" cries, and falls into a cough ;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there —
 But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

[*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

Fai. And here my mistress :—Would that he were gone !

[*Exit, R. 2 E.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter Fairies from R. and L., dancing. Enter OBERON in a car, from R. U. E. TITANIA in a car, with a little Indian Boy. The Fairies form groupings, while they advance to the front.*

Enter OBERON on one side, with his train, and TITANIA on the other, with hers.

Obe. (R.) Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. (L.) What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence; I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle-summer spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
The human mortals want their winter cheer;
No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter. The spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

[*Crosses to R.*]

Obe. Do you amend it then: it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

His mother was a vot'ress of my order :
 And in the spieed Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood ;
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy :
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

[Goes up, c.]

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Tita. Pehanee, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away :

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

MUSIC.—TITANIA and Boy go into car, and are drawn off by the Swans,

R. The Fairies dance off, R. and L.

Obe. (R.) Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. [*Enter Puck, L. 2d E.*] Thou re-
 memberest

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. (L. C.) I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once ;
 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit PUCK, L. 2d E.*]

Obc. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here ? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

[*Retires up, L. H.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him, L. H.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia ?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence ! get thee gone, and follow me no more.
I do not, nor I cannot love you.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you !
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me.)
Than to be used as you use your dog ?

[*Clings to him.*]

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

[*Throws her off.*]

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

[*Crosses to R.*]

Hel. [*Clings to him.*] The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd :
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed !
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

Dem. [*Throws her off.*] Let me go :

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :

We cannot fight for love, as men may do :

We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

Dem. I will not stay thy question.

[*Exit*, R. II.

Hel. I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exit HEL.*, R. 1 E.

Obe. (c.) Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK, L. 2d E.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me,
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord ; your servant shall do so.

[*Exit* ; and as PUCK exits L. II., OBERON waves
on a Singing Fairy.

DUET:

Oberon & his Fairy
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania. some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

[*The music continues.* *The Fairy exits* R. 2 E. OBERON gets in
the car, drawn by swans. A Panorama.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Moonlighted Wood.*—*The moon shining brightly.*—*A bank, R. 2 E. ; another, R. 3 E. ; another, L. 2 E. ; one, also, R. 3 E.*
—*A mossy bank at the back.*—*A large tree, R.*—*The branches and foliage spread completely over the stage, which forms a fairy bower.*

MUSIC.—*The whole troop of Fairies discovered in groups. They dance ; after which,*

Enter TITANIA, with her train, U. E. R.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back,
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

- 1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen :

CHORUS AND DANCE.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

- 2 *Fat.* Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence ;
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS AND DANCE.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

- 2 *Fai.* Hence, away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies, R. and L. TITANIA sleeps on Bank, c.*

Enter OBERON, L. 2 E.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
 [Squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids.
 Do it for thy true-love take ;
 Love and languish for his sake :
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear,
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
 Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit, R. 3d E.

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA, R. 1 E.

Lys. (L.) Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood ;
 And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way ;
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander ; find you out a bed,
 For I upon this bank will rest my head. [on Bank 3 E. L.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both.
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander : for my sake, my dear,
 Lie further off yet ; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;
 Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
 So that but one heart we can make of it :
 Two bosoms interchanged with an oath :
 So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
 Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;
 For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily :—
 Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
 If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lie further off ; in human modesty,
 Such separation, as may well be said,
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :
 So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend :
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;
 And then end life, when I end loyalty !
 Here is my bed : [*Lies on Bank L. 2d E.*] Sleep give thee all his
 rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd !
[They sleep.]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian find I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy. [*Music.*
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit* L. 2d E.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running, R. 1 E.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me! do not so.

Dem. Stay; on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit* DEM., L. H. 1 E.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wherso'er she lies,

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. [*Sees* LYSANDER.

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!

Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.—

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking and coming forward,* L.]

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. (R.) Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:

What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd,

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season ;
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
 And touching now the point of human skill,
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
 And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'erlook
 Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?
 When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn ?
 But fare you well : perforce I must confess,
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
 O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
 Should of another therefore be abus'd !

[*Exit R. H. 1 E.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia :—Hermia, sleep thou there ;
 And never may'st thou come Lysander near !

[*Exit R. 1 E.*

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me ! do thy best
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !
 Ah me, for pity !—what a dream was here !
 Lysander, look how I do quake with fear !
 Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey :
 Lysander ! what, remov'd ! Lysander ! lord !
 What, out of hearing ! gone ! no sound, no word ?
 Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;
 Speak, of all loves ! I swound almost with fear.
 No ?—then I well perceive you are not nigh :
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

[*Exit L. 1 E.*

SCENE II.—*Music—Clowns march.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. (R. C.) Are we all met ?

Quin. (C.) Pat, pat ; and here's a marvellous convenient place for
 our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn
 brake our tiring-house ; and we will do it in action, as we will do it
 before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,— [Crosses to QUINCE.

Quin. What say'st thou, Bully Bottom ?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisby'
 that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill
 himself ; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that ?

[Crosses to R.

Snout. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit ; [*Crosses to c.*] I have a device to make all well.
 Write me a prologue : and let the prologue seem to say, we will do
 no harm with our swords ; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed :
 and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not

Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind, L. 2 E.

Puck. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet;

Quin. Odors, odors.

Pyr. — odors savors sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But, hark, a voice! stay thou a while but here,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit, L. 1 E.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here!

[Aside.—Exit, 2 E. L.]

Flute. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes
but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet;
that you answer to Pyramus: You speak all your part at once,
cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, "never
tire."

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head, 2 E. L.

This. O.—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine:—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

All. Help! help!

[Exeunt, R. and L. E.]

[BOTTOM follows off, R. 2 E.]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit R. 1 E.]

Re-enter BOTTOM, R. 2d E.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make
me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT, L. 2 E.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

[*Runs off*, R.

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE, R. 2d E.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! thou art translated.

[*Exit* L. 1 E.

Bot. I see their knavery: This is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*

X B. S. C. - The woosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed? [Waking.

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "Cuckoo" never so?

Tita. (R.) I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamor'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. (L.) Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter [Flowers open, R.] PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, four Fairies. [From Flowers.

1 *Fai.* (R.) Ready.

2 *Fai.* (L.) And I.

3 *Fai.* (R.) And I.

4 *Fai.* (L.) And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal! [*They dance around Bottom.*

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

[*Enter a troop of Fairies.*

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*They dance around him, and conduct him off, U. E. R.*

Enter OBERON, L. 2d E.

Obc. I wonder if Titania be awak'd ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK, R. 2d E.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit ?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove ?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Here met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in yon brake,
When I did him at this advantage take.
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head ;
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls,
They murder call, and help from Athens cry.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obc. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—That is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA, L. H.

Obc. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. (L.) O. why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Hcr. (R.) Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

Where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

Oh! once tell true; tell true, even for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

[*Crosses, L.*

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit, L. 1 E.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

[*Sits on bank, L.; OBERON and PUCK behind,
waving their wands.*

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe:

Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down and sleeps.—OBERON and PUCK advance, R. C.*

Obe. (L.) What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love that cost the flesh blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit 2d E. R.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

[Goes to DEMETRIUS and squeezes juice of flowers into his eyes.
 When his love he doth espy,
 Let her shine as gloriously
 As the Venus of the sky.
 When thou wak'st, if she be by;
 Beg of her for remedy.]

Re-enter PUCK, R. 2d E.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
 Helena is here at hand,
 And the youth, mistook by me,
 Pleading for a lover's fee;
 Shall we their fond pageant see?
 Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

[*Music.*

Puck. Then will two at once woo one—
 Then must needs be sport alone;
 And those things do best please me,
 That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA, R. 2 E. OBERON and PUCK retire R. 3 E.

Lys. (L.) Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
 Scorn and derision never come in tears:
 Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
 In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
 Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. (R.) You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
 These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
 Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
 Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

[*Crosses to c.*

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you. [*OBERON waves.*

Dem. [*Awaking and rising.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
 divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
 Crystal is muddy.

O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. (c.) O spite! I see you all are bent
 To set against me, for your merriment.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
 With your derision! None of noble sort
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

[Crosses to L.]

Lys. (R.) You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

[Goes up.]

Dem. (C.) Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
 My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
 Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA, L.

Her. Dark night that from the eye his function takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense:
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

[Crosses to C.]

Lys. (R.) Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. (C) What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;—
 Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes and orbs of light.
 Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
 The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. (L. C) Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision?

O, and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition,
 Two loving berries moulded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly. 'tis not maidenly :
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Lys. [*Crosses to Hel.*] Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O, excellent !

Her. (L. c.) Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. (L.) If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. (R. c.) Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. (*Crosses to R.*) If, thou say so, withdraw, and prove it
 too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ? [*Stopping him.*]

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, sir :—

Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow,
 But yet come not. You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing, let loose ;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent. [*HERMIA embraces him.*
 [*Throws her off.*]

Her. O, me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom !
 You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,
 And stol'n my love's heart 'from him ?

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
 I evermore did love you, Hermia.

Let me go :

You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone ! Who is 't that hinders you ?

[*Crosses to R.*]

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. (R. c.) Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus, of hind'ring knot grass made;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;

[Crosses to R.

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[Exeunt *Lys.* and *Dem.*, R. H. I E.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:

Nay, go not back.

[Both walking up and down.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away.

[Exit L. H. I E.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[Runs off, L.

OBERON and PUCK advance.

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:

And so far am I glad it so did sort,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

[The moon becomes eclipsed during OBERON'S speech, a
thick mist rises, and the whole scene becomes dark.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;

And lead these testy rivals so astray,
 As one come not within another's way.
 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
 And from each other look thou lead them thus,
 Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
 To take from thence all error with his might,
 And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,

Obe. I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Crosses to R.]

[Exit OBE., R.]

Puck sings. Up and down, up and down;
 I will lead them up and down;
 I am fear'd in field and town;
 Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

[Music—goes off, R.]

Enter LYSANDER, R. 2 E., *groping through the mist.*

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. (L. 2 E.) Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer ground.

[Exit LYS. as following the voice, L. 2 E.]

Enter DEMETRIUS, R. 2 E.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. [Comes on, L. 2 E.] Thou coward! art thou bragging to
 the stars,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there? [*Crosses in to κ.*]

Puck. [*Runs behind R., then speaks.*] Follow my voice; we'll try
no manhood here. [*Exeunt R. 2 E.—Music.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER, L. 2 R.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day:

[*Lies down, L. H. 2 E., on bank.*]

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

[*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS, R. 2 E.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps, R. H. 2 E., on bank.*]

Enter HELENA, L. 3 E.

Hel. O, weary night! O, long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by day-light,

From these that my poor company detest:—
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps on bank, R. 3 E.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA, L. 3 E.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go ;
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me till the break of day.
 Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[Lies down on bank, L. 3 E.]

Puck.

On the ground
 Sleep sound ;
 I'll apply
 Your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye.]

When thou wak'st,
 Thou tak'st
 True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye :
 And the country proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown :
 Jack shall have Jill ;
 Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[The mist clears away—the scene becomes light—a troop of Fairies enter and group—three Fairies are seen ascending in a car, surrounded by flying Fairies. DEMETRIUS, HELENA, LYSANDER, and HERMIA, sleeping. Tableau.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—As the curtain rises, the Fairies are discovered dancing and grouping. Enter TITANIA, conducting BOTTOM, followed by OBERON, unseñ. TITANIA waves her wand, and a Bank of Roses ascends through the stage, c. PEAS-BLOSSOM, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, and COBWEB attending. During this Scene, the day is breaking and sun rising.

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

[They sit.]

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior — Where's monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your nief, [*Gives hand*] monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help ^{*Cavalery*} Peas-blossom to scratch. I must to the barber's. monsieur ; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face ; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music : let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tit. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender : I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me ; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[*All the Fairies exeunt, R. and L.*]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist ; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*They sleep.*]

OBERON advances, L. Enter PUCK, R. 3 E., and down, L. C.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight ?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity ;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her :
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be ;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See as thou wast once to see :

Diana's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! [*She wakes and rises, and embraces OBERON.*]
what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamor'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence a while.—Robin, take off his head,—

[*Puck waves wand, chord of music.*]

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

[*The head flies up, and BOTTOM rolls off behind the bank.*]

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*Music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with
me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, like Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

[*Full sunrise, by this*]

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade;

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt, R. Horns sound within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, PHILOSTRATE, and train, L. H.
Hunters with hounds follow, and cross behind, and stand R.

The. (c.) Go one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester. [*Exit PHILOSTRATE, R. H.*]
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. (L. c.) I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a word of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind.

[*Patting hounds.*]

So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—[*Turning up, sees HERMIA, &c. asleep.*]

But soft; what nymphs are these!

Ege. My lord, [*Goes up to each*] this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak. Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Exit Huntsmen with hounds, R. H.*]

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up. DEM. and HEL. go down R., LYS. and HER. go down L.

The. Good morrow, friends. St. Valentine is past ;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. (L. c.) Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS*

The. I pray you all stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies ;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking : but as yet I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here :
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is)
I came with Hermia hither : our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. (L. c.) Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough :
I beg the law, the law, upon his head !
They would have stol'n away ; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. (R. c.) My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food :
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will ;

For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit. [DEM. and HEL. go up.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
 Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three;
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolyta.

[*Music, exeunt THE., HIP., EGE. DEM., HEL.,
 LYS. and HER exeunt, R. H.*

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes and rises.

Bot When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, “Most fair Pyramus.”—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patch'd fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report. what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.
 [*Exit R. H. The bank of roses sinks.*

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING, D. F.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No: he hath simply the best wit of any handiercraft-man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG, D. F.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is

two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing!

Bot. [*Speaks without.*] Where are these lads? [*Enter* BOTTOM, D. F.] where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palae; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any ease, let Thisbe have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's elaws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlie, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away!

[*Exeunt*, D. F.]

SCENE III.—*Athens.* A lofty room, hung behind with curtains, in the Palace of THESEUS.

MUSIC.—*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, Lords, EGEUS, and Attendants.

Hip. (R.) 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. (L. C.) More strange than true. I never may believe These antic fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends, The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold— That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, And, as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy ;
 But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA *and* HELENA, L. H.

Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,
 Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us
 Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ; what masks, what dances shall we have,
 To wear away this long age of three hours,
 Between our after-supper and bed-time ?
 Where is our usual manager of mirth ?
 What revels are in hand ! Is there no play,
 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?
 Call Philostrate.

Enter PHILOSTRATE, R. 1 E.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening ?
 What mask, what music ! How shall we beguile
 The lazy time, if not with some delight ?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are rife ;
 Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper, which THESEUS hands to LYSANDER to read.*]

Lys. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs to be sung
 By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

The. We'll none of that : that have I told my love,
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
 Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage"

The. That is an old device, and it was play'd
 When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

Lys. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
 Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

The. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

The. Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is hot ice, and wond'rous seething snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labor'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
(Unless you can find sport in their intents,)
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[THESEUS and Ladies sit.]

[PHILOSTRATE crosses behind, and exit, L. H.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. (R.) Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. (R.) He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome ;
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

[*Curtain rises and discovers a stage in the gardens of the Duke.*]

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter QUINCE as Prologue, 3 E. L.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To show our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider, then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,
 The actors are at hand ; and by their show,
 You shall know all that you are like to know. [*Exit 3 E. L.*]

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. (L.) He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt ; he knows
 not the stop. A good moral, my lord : It is not enough to speak,
 but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath play'd on this prologue like a child on a re-
 corder ; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impaired, but
 all disordered. Who is next ?

*Enter QUINCE, PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION,
 as in dumb show, L. H. 3 E.*

QUINCE as Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show ;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain. [*Crosses to PYR.*
 This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

This man with lime and rough-cast, doth present [*Crossing.*
 Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder :

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder. [*Crossing.*

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine : for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright ;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

[*Crossing.*

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain :
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
And, Thisbe tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* PROLOGUE, THISBE, LION, and MOONSHINE, L. 3 E., and
PYRAMUS, R. 3 E.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord ; onc lion may, when many asses do.

Enter WALL, 3 E. L.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

[*Stands in c. of stage.*

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence.

Enter PYRAMUS, R. 3 E.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so black !

O night, which ever art when day is not !

O night, O night ! alack, alack, alack !

I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot !

And thou, O wall ! thou sweet and lovely wall !

That stands between her father's ground and mine ;

Thou wall, O wall ! O sweet and lovely wall,

Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

[*WALL holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I ? No Thisbe do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me !

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Bot. No, in truth, sir, he should not. [*To the Duke.*] "Deceiving me" is Thisbe's cue : she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you :—
Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE, L. 3 E.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice : now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.

Thisbe! [*Peeps through WALL's fingers.*

This. My love ! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;
And like Limander am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

[*They kiss through the fingers of WALL.*

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway ?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay !

[*Exit PYRAMUS, right, THISBE, left.*

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so ;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit WALL, L. 3 E.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbors.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE, with lantern and dog, L. 3 E.

Lion. [*They bow then. Lion takes off his head.*] You, ladies, you,
whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar,

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
 A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :
 For if I should as Lion come in strife
 Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

[Goes up.]

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord ; for his valor cannot carry his discretion ;
 and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor ; for the
 goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and
 let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present.

[Holding it up on a large fork.]

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the
 circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present ;
 Myself the man 'i the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest ! The man should
 be put into the lantern : how is it else the man 'i the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle : for, you see, it is
 already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon : would he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in
 the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the
 time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is
 the moon ; I, the man 'i the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-
 bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern, for they are in the
 moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE, L. 3 E.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb : where is my love ?

Lion. Oh— [The Lion roars. THISBE drops her veil and runs off.]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good
 grace. [The Lion tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.]

The. Well moused, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS, R. 3 C.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;
 I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright ;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

But stay ;—O spite !

But mark,—poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here !

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What ! stain'd with blood ?

Approach, ye furies fell !

O fates ! come, come ;

Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame ?

Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus :

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop :—

Thus die I, [*Stabs himself.*] thus, thus, thus !

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light !

Moon, take thy flight !

Now die, die, die, die, die ! [*Dies.—Exit MOONSHINE, L. 3 E.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead ; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE, L. 3 E.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better ; he for a man, God warrant us ; she for a woman, God bless us !

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet.*

This. Asleep, my love !
 What, dead, my dove ?
 O Pyramus, arise !
 Speak, speak ! Quite dumb ?
 Dead, dead ? A tomb
 Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 These lily brows,
 This cherry nose,
 These yellow cowslip cheeks,
 Are gone, are gone :
 Lovers, make moan !
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 O sisters three,
 Come, come to me,
 Wite hands as pale as milk ;
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word :
 Come, trusty sword ;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
 And farewell, friends ;
 Thus Thisbe ends :
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*Dics.*]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers.
 Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance
 between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse.
 Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none
 to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and
 hung himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy :
 and so it is truly ; and very notably discharg'd. Let your epilogue
 alone. [*Exit Clowns, Curtain descends, the bell strikes twelve.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—

Lovers, to bed ; 't is almost fairy time.

I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

[*Soldiers march off, R. II.*]

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Stage becomes dark.*]

OBERON and TITANIA rise through Stage.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire ;

Every elf, and fairy sprite,

Hop as light as bird from brier ;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote :
To each word a warbling note ;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be :
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait :
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace ;
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of 'it blest.

[*During this and the speech of PUCK, four rows of
Gauzes rise through the Stage—when they are
well on, the scene behind is struck up.*]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend ;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long :
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all !
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[*The Gauzes now work up, and discover a Fairy Bower,
with a large revolving sun in the centre. Fairies
dancing, flying, and grouping.*]

CHO. Trip away, Make no stay, Meet all by break of day. [Tableau

Pocahontas

Played at Wallaces (March 3 1850
at Mrs Broughams Benefit) without
Pocahontas (Miss G Jackson) she
having left the City without notice

[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

74F

